

An old friend —in a new guise!

You've seen her before in the pages of "GOOD MORNING." We'll admit there's not much of the "guise" in this case, but what there is of anything makes a perfect frame for Margot, always one of the brightest lights in the sparkling Windmill show."

LAND ARMY HAS ITS 'COMMANDO' SCHOOL

IN most counties, when girls join the Women's Land Army, they go straight from their offices, their workshops or their homes to the farms where they are to live and work. Almost invariably, these recruits, for the first few weeks anyway, are more of a hindrance to the farmers than anything else, so in Buckinghamshire the Executive Agricultural Committee devised a scheme to overcome this major difficulty.

"Good Morning" staff reporter Ronald Richards and photographer George Greenwell visited the reception station where recruits are first introduced to the scheme.

Once a Road-house

The "Spinning Wheel," in 1939 a fashionable road-house, frequented by pleasure-seekers and travellers, is on the road from Aylesbury to Amersham. It is not a road-house any more, but a hostel for Land Army recruits. The surrounding gardens, which were cultivated by a flower gardener, now boast potatoes and cabbage; the neon lights have been torn from the walls, and the shiny leather couches and armchairs and the chrome bar counter have also been removed.

Each bedroom now has three or four beds, and the lounge, though it is still a lounge, is very different. As different, in fact, as the occupants of then and now. The five-piece band that used to fill one corner has been replaced by a portable radiogram, and the rugs have given way to coconut matting. The glamour has been succeeded by homeliness now, because this is home. Home, that is, for recruits in the Women's Land Army.

Making Them Farmers

Deputy Executive Officer Smith is the founder of this scheme. It is on his shoulders that lays the responsibility of a plan that transforms frail young ladies into soldiers of the land. He started it all because the farmers complained that most recruits were a nuisance and that they certainly were not worth their pay.

Four new Recruits

To illustrate the story Mr. Smith introduced me to four

new recruits who arrived from Leeds the previous day.

Molly Bilbrough was a clerk in a soap factory three days ago, and she had never been in the country before. Her friend, Mary Darton, who was a tailor, and equally lost, confessed that she wished she were home with mother. Freda Wood was a hairdresser, and her hands were smooth and her nails carefully manicured.

The other girl, Joyce Hallam, previously sold lingerie in a draper's shop. Her two sisters, she told me, were in the W.A.A.F. When the girls arrived, he said, he always outlined the scheme to them over a cup of tea.

They hear the worst!

I heard him tell these girls about their future, and as he talked, Miss Rachel Bodington, who was once a recruit and is

now a working overseer at one of the training farms, sipped her tea and smiled knowingly, and promised to help all she could. He told them exactly what the farmers felt about them, and they agreed that it was sane enough.

He explained that they would live at the "Spinning Wheel" four or five weeks, during which time they would be paid fully by the Bucks Agricultural Committee. Every morning they would get up at dawn and walk a couple of miles to the nearest farms, and they wouldn't get back again until dark. Then they would be expected to take turns at keeping the house clean.

Tough outlook

During the day they would clean pigsties, cart manure from one place to another, cut up tur-

nips for the cattle, swill out the stables and sweep the yards. Later on, when their backs became accustomed to bending and their hands were hardened, they would graduate from the labouring class and they would be taught to drive tractors and milk cows and feed the calves. As they learned more they would work longer hours, and they would work harder, but they would get the same pay. Then, after their training, they would have the choice of going home to mother or of going to another part of the county on another farm.

That is how Mr. Smith painted the picture of their future. It was painted with wisdom and kindness. From my viewpoint I saw another picture on the same canvas. I saw the future of England, and it was reflected in the eyes of the four recruits.

RONALD RICHARDS.

'COMMANDOS' AT WORK



The "foreman" takes the chair at a practical lecture. This time it is instruction in handling a calf. There are tricks in every trade, and this little lady is passing on hers to the willing lasses who are learning to be of real use to farmers.

Below: Instruction in cleaning out the pig-sty is given by the "foreman."



The budding Commandos of the Land Army are undertaking an early lesson in feeding margels into the masher.



BLITZ-GIRL cycles to work with artificial legs

LILY AUDLEY, 19-year-old munition worker, cycles to the factory nearly every morning.

So do millions of other people—but Lily is different. She cycles with two artificial legs.

Lily, who lives in George Road, Small Heath, Birmingham, lost her legs when her home was bombed in November, 1940. Ten months later she was walking on two wooden ones and was back at work.

Now she can dance and cycle as easily as people who have not suffered her misfortune.

ONLY WORRY—STOCKINGS.

She has only one grumble—stockings.

"They are my biggest worry," she told the "Good Morning" reporter.

"I am allowed extra coupons for stockings, but I wear them out very quickly as they rub against the fittings of my artificial legs.

"I prefer wearing slacks, as nobody can then see my legs are artificial.

"Sometimes, as a change from cycling, I go to work on the bus.

"Usually I have to stand, but I don't mind, because I am now nearly the same as when I had my own legs."

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.
Thomas a Kempis
(1380-1471).

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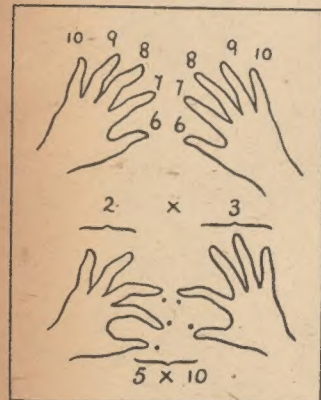
The sweetest and most inoffensive path of life leads through the avenues of science and learning.
Hume.



This is Miss Lily Audley, one of the bravest of those many fair victims of indiscriminate Hun bombing. Apart from continuing with her daily work, Lily finds plenty of time to visit other people who were victims of the same raid. She visits regularly an old lady of 87, who had her thigh fractured and went to the same hospital. We wish Lily all the luck in the world from now on—and we know all our readers join us.

Periscope Page

Figure These Out



THE oldest of all calculating machines is the human hand, and there are still gipsies who use their hands for multiplying numbers larger than five. This is how they do it:—

Hold your hands out in front of you, palms down, and imagine the fingers of each to be numbered from 6 to 10, starting with the thumbs. If you like, write the numbers on your nails.

Now, suppose you want to multiply 7 by 8. Lay the 7-finger of one hand against the 8-finger of the other, and add up the number of fingers below them. Add on the two that are touching, and the total comes to 5. See the fingers marked by dots in the diagram.

This gives the figure in the tens column, and the answer will be fifty-something.

The units figure is got by multiplying the still unused fingers of one hand by those of the other— $3 \times 2 = 6$, the total answer being 56.

And now do this with your ten fingers and thumbs. Start counting them backwards, the reckoning for the first hand being 10, 9, 8, 7, 6. There are five fingers on the other hand, and 6 and 5 make 11!

A map-maker needs only four colours to print his maps, if he is never to allow two colours the same to touch each other. No matter how many counties or countries he is colouring, he can always do it with four colours. He never needs more, but he can't always do it with less. And nobody has yet discovered why!

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The Iroquois Indians.
2. The shortest possible distance between any two points on the earth's surface.
3. Its intention was to prevent Macassar hair oil, much used in Victorian days, from staining the upholstery.
4. From squirrels' fur.
5. After their inventor, a Dr. Cork.
6. In Regency days they were known as "fly-by-nights," which was later abbreviated to "flies."
7. The Filbert is named after St. Philibert, whose anniversary falls in nutting time.
8. A cylindrical hat worn by Spanish women.
9. The use of bare fists in fighting.
10. Matthew Webb, in 1875.
11. The tobacco left in a pipe after smoking.
12. Sphairistrike.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem

Toothpick Wisdom: From the following horizontal rows remove these toothpicks: First row—second; Second row—first, third and fourth; Third row—second and third; Fourth row—first and fourth; then remove the third vertical one in the bottom row.

Super Brains Trust

WHAT is your reaction to the following discussion by famous scientists on the question:—

"Is science fundamentally opposed to art?"

Max Planck: "Science and art are not opposites, and, as a matter of fact, the creations of art are very similar to those of science—at least, to the extent that scientific research, in the strictest sense of the term, could never advance without the creative force of the imaginative intellect."

Everyman: "I have always been under the impression that science, in its search for facts, abhorred the use of the imagination, but that imagination is the mainspring of art."

Karl Pearson: "No, that is quite wrong. The collection of facts is only the preliminary to the real work of science, just as it is to the real work of art. In both cases it is the interpretation of the facts which matters, and all great scientists have, in this sense, been great artists. The laws of science

are products of the creative imagination—are products of the human mind rather than factors of the external world."

Dr. Herbert Dingle: "I agree that scientific theory is indeed a work of art, supplementing the truth of discovered fact by the beauty of conscious creation."

Sir Richard Gregory: "I am glad that beauty has been mentioned in connection with science. I always advise students to cultivate appreciation for beauty, and the instinct for truth and creative power."

Everyman: "I think I see what you scientists mean. The facts of science are just facts, but the explanation of them is a work of art. But somehow I never think of Newton and Einstein as artists."

Karl Pearson: "The point is, there are no laws of Nature at all. Things just happen in the way they are observed to happen, and nobody knows why. We cannot see any compulsion about it, we cannot see any reason why they should not

happen in other ways. The work of science is to devise a logical scheme out of its own head, so that it could truly be said, if the world were made according to this scheme, then it would be expected to behave in exactly the way in which it does, as a matter of fact, behave. But the logical scheme, though called 'the laws of Nature,' is really a work of art invented by scientists."

Everyman: "I think I get it. The mathematicians are busy fitting the facts of Nature into a pattern, and when any turn up which just refuse to be fitted in—why, they alter the pattern to suit. Newton's pattern has given way to Einstein's, and one day Einstein's may give way to somebody else's."

That seems to be the key to the problem—"fitting the facts of Nature into a pattern," which is just what the artist does. Or do you somehow feel that this is all wrong, and that the scientists don't really know their own business? That would be a serious accusation to make, without some very strong reasons. But have you any to offer?

Little Weather Mysteries—No. 9

The Moon and Us

FROM time immemorial the moon has been held to affect the weather, yet it would seem to be plain to most people that if this is so, we ought to have monthly repetitions of the weather corresponding with the moon's phases.

But though traditional beliefs are seldom rational, there is often some sort of truth behind them, and scientists have paid a good deal of critical attention to this question of the moon and the weather.

The moon raises tides on the ocean; it attracts the solid earth. It also raises tides in the atmosphere, and so the moon does actually alter the barometric pressure. The barometer falls slightly when the tide is "high," and rises when it is "low." These fluctuations have been accurately measured at Glasgow and other places.

THE LUNAR TIDE.

The first observations extended from 1868 to 1912, and the chief variations were found to be due to the ordinary daily tides, and to have nothing to do with the moon's phases. Since then, measurements have been made all over the world, but the greatest variations, at Hong Kong, were far too minute to have any effect on the weather.

Nevertheless it is a fact that, on the average, more thunderstorms have occurred during the period between new moon and full than between full moon and new.

More interesting, perhaps, is the influence of the moon on earthly life. Moonlight itself has a psychological effect on human beings, and Mr. Lou Kolb, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has found that during love-making scenes imitation moonlight produces the best effect on the actors.

This has been confirmed by the work of Professor Bissonette, who discovered that when the crystal-clear dazzle of spring sunshine, or the jewelled lights of a city, or brilliant moon and starlight, shine into our eyes, the anterior pituitary gland pours a stream of hormones into our blood, and we "come over all pretty."

The effect of the autumn moon on the herring catch is notorious, and certain marine worms also come to the surface to indulge in "nuptial dances" at full moon. But there is as yet no evidence that the moon affects vegetable life. The belief that certain crops should always be planted in a waxing moon appears to be pure superstition.

AFFECTS BIRTH RATE.

French scientists have collected a vast body of evidence to show that most human births occur when the moon is near the horizon, a coincidence which



may some day be shown to have some significance.

The attractive force of the moon is less than one-hundredth that of the earth, yet it suffices to reduce the 80,000 tons weight of the "Queen Mary" by 20lb. at full moon. The continents of Europe and Asia are stretched about 60 feet by the normal pull of the moon.

The general opinion is that the traditional beliefs about the moon and the weather are not true, but that some of them may coincide accidentally with obscure facts which do have an indirect bearing on the weather.

For instance, the tradition that a wide halo round the moon means rain is false, though the presence of the halo does afford a clue to the condition of the atmosphere, and often means that a cyclone is on its way. But any light other than the moon—for example, the sun—would serve to provide the halo.

JANE



From "Good Morning" Museum GEORGE'S EVENING OUT—11



THE next morning, George feels the effect of his double night-cap. He usually only has one, and his tongue is all furred. "Can't go to business like that," he says. "However, I can put that right in a moment."

(Port-drinkers of two-bottle days used to find that their tongues had a white coating in the morning. So they used this tongue-scraper, made of flexible silver.)

NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

THUS there was around the *Nautilus*, above and below, an impenetrable wall of ice. We were imprisoned in the ice-bank. The Canadian struck a formidable blow on the table with his fist. Conseil said nothing.

The captain then spoke. "Gentlemen," said he, in a calm voice, "there are two ways of dying under our present circumstances."

This inexplicable personage looked like a professor of mathematics stating a problem to his pupils.

"The first," he continued, "is to be crushed to death; the second is to be suffocated."

"We cannot be suffocated, captain," I answered, "for our reservoirs are full."

"True," said Captain Nemo, "but they will only give us air for two days. Now we have already been six-and-thirty hours under water, and the heavy atmosphere of the *Nautilus* already wants renewing. In forty-eight hours our reserve will be exhausted."

"Well, captain, we must get out before forty-eight hours."

"We will try, at all events, by piercing through the wall that surrounds us."

"On which side?" I asked.

"The bore will tell us that. I am going to run the *Nautilus* on to the lower bank, and my men will put on their diving-dresses and attack the wall where it is the least thick."

Captain Nemo went out. A hissing sound soon told me that the reservoirs were being filled with water. The *Nautilus* gradually

sank, and rested on the ice at a depth of 175 fathoms.

"My friends," said I, "the situation is grave, but I count on your courage and energy."

"Sir," answered the Canadian, "it is not the time to worry you with my grumbling. I am ready to do anything for the common safety."

I led the Canadian to the room where the men of the *Nautilus* were putting on their diving-dresses. I told the captain of Ned's proposition, which was accepted. The Canadian put on his sea-costume, and was ready as soon as his companions. Each wore a Rouquayrol apparatus on his back, to which the reservoirs had furnished a contingent of pure air—a considerable but necessary diminution to the reserve of the *Nautilus*.

When Ned was dressed I went back to the saloon, where the panels were open, and, taking a place beside Conseil, I examined the ambient beds that supported the *Nautilus*.

Some moments after we saw a dozen men of the crew step out on to the ice with Ned Land amongst them, recognisable from his tall stature. Captain Nemo was with them.

Before beginning to dig through the walls he had them bored to assure a good direction to the

work. Long bores were sunk into the lateral walls, but after forty-five feet they were again stopped by a thick wall. It was useless to attack the ice-ceiling, for it was the ice-bank itself, which was more than 1,200 feet high. Captain

Continued on Page 5.

QUIZ for today

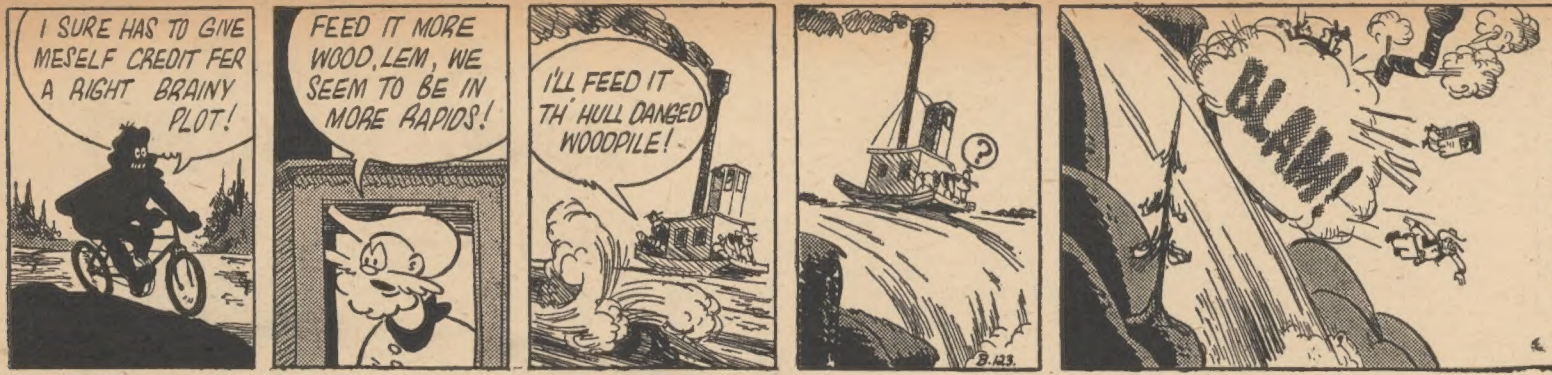
1. What is a hectare?
2. What was Little Nell's surname?
3. One of these animals is not mentioned in the Bible. Which is it? Ape, Badger, Ferret, Ass, Dog, Cat, Greyhound, Dog, Fox.
4. What is the scientific name for wolfram?
5. What is a quidnunc?
6. What is a good substitute for an ounce weight?
7. What is meant by a "lusus naturae"?
8. Who was William Willett?
9. Why is Cambric so called?
10. Who wrote the tune, "Keep the Home Fires Burning"?
11. What was Lewis Carroll's real name?
12. What famous poet joined the Army under a false name?

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

Francis Bacon (1561-1626).



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

(Continued from Page 2)

Nemo then had the lower surface bored. There thirty feet of ice separated us from the water, such was the thickness of this ice-field. It was, therefore, necessary to cut away a part equal in extent to the water-line of the *Nautilus*. There were, therefore, about 7,000 cubic yards to detach in order to dig a hole through which we could sink below the ice-field.

The work was immediately begun and carried on with indefatigable energy. Instead of digging round the *Nautilus*, which would have been exceedingly difficult, Captain Nemo had an immense trench made, about eight yards from its port quarter. Then his men began simultaneously to work at it in different points of its circumference, and large blocks were soon detached from the mass.

After two hours of energetic work Ned Land entered exhausted. His companions and he were relieved by fresh workers, whom Conseil and I joined. The first Ned, "that, once out of this confound of the *Nautilus* directed us. The water seemed to me singu-

larly cold, but I soon grew warmer with handling the pickaxe. My movements were very free, though made under a pressure of thirty atmospheres.

When I re-entered, after two hours of work, to take food and rest, I found a notable difference between the air the Rouquayrol apparatus furnished me with and the atmosphere of the *Nautilus*, already loaded with carbonic acid gas. The air had not been renewed for forty-eight hours, and its life-giving qualities were considerably weakened. However, in twelve hours we had broken off a slice of ice a yard thick, or about six hundred cubic yards. Admitting that we could go on at the same rate, it would take still five nights and four days to accomplish our task.

"Five nights and four days!" said I to my companions, "and we have only air for two days in the reservoirs."

"Without reckoning," replied the first Ned, "that, once out of this confound of the *Nautilus* directed us. The water seemed to me singu-

without any possible communication with the atmosphere!"

True enough. Who could then foresee the minimum of time necessary for our deliverance?

As I had foreseen, during the night another slice, a yard thick, was dug off the immense alveolus. But in the morning, when, clothed in my bathing-dress, I walked in the liquid mass in a temperature of from 6 degs. to 7 degs. below zero, I remarked that the lateral walls were gradually approaching each other. The water away from the trench, which was not warmed by the men's work and the play of the tools, showed a tendency to solidify. In presence of this new and imminent danger what chance of safety had we, and how could we prevent the solidification of this liquid medium that would have crushed the sides of the *Nautilus* like glass?

I did not make known this new danger to my companions. Why risk the damping of that energy which they were employing in their painful toil? But when I went back on board I spoke to

Captain Nemo about this grave complication.

"I know it," he said in his calm tone, which no terrible conjuncture of circumstances could modify. "It is one danger more, but I see no means of avoiding it. The only chance of safety is to work quicker than the solidification. We must be first, that is all."

Towards evening the trench had been dug another yard deeper. When I went back on board I was nearly suffocated with the carbonic acid with which the air was filled.

That evening Captain Nemo was obliged to open the taps of his reservoirs and throw some columns of pure air into the interior of the *Nautilus*. Without that precaution we should never have awakened.

The next day I went on with my mining work on the fifth yard. The lateral walls and lower surface of the ice-bank thickened perceptibly. It was evident that they would come together before the *Nautilus* could be extricated. Despair came over me for an instant. My axe nearly dropped from my hands.

(Continued to-morrow)

The Idea of a Kiss

Some facts about kissing that may influence you—but will not deter.

By MARCUS DELINGER

EVERY time you kiss your sweetheart or wife—do you know what you are doing? One does not mean this in the personal, or warning sense, but in the historical one, and the informative one.

Of course, you can say that you do not need to be informed. But it won't do you any harm to know that the mouth kiss is of comparatively recent origin.

A strict Frenchman or woman, to-day—yes, even to-day—regards the mouth kiss as a *sex sin*; except between lovers and married people.

The mouth kiss has gradually evolved from the nose-rubbing of primitive races. There was a sniff kiss in vogue 2000 B.C. in Vedic India.

People then just sniffed at each other with their noses on each other's cheek. Then gradually (still in India) the mouth kiss started, and spread over the whole of the world.

SNATCHING A SMELL.

But in some of the hill districts of India to-day there is no such thing as the mouth kiss. The sniff kiss still prevails. The sniff kiss is still operative in Borneo, and also in Malay.

In these countries people do not kiss as we do, but they really "smell" each other. A kind of combination of aromas.

The Chinese regard the European mouth kiss as very vulgar. They "kiss" the cheek—if you can call it a kiss.

The Japanese do not have a word in the whole of their vocabulary for "kiss"; and a Japanese father will not, as a rule, salute his children with any affection until they are capable of walking. Then he may rub his cheek against theirs.

In Britain there was no kissing on the mouth up till about the 18th century. Equals before that kissed each other's cheeks.

They even kissed each other's hands, and in the case of a lady, men often kissed her dress, as a profound act of homage.

In Palestine it was (and, to the strict, still is) customary to kiss the feet of superiors.

Hence we have the act of Jesus kissing the feet of His disciples as a supreme act of humility, for the Pharisees expected their feet to be kissed by those of lower rank than themselves.

The Old Testament reference to "licking the dust" refers to kissing the feet or the earth at the feet of a conqueror or superior. **GROUND WORK.**

Arabs salute high potentates by kissing the earth between their feet, and Persians throw themselves on the ground before their superiors.

A good Buddhist has been known to prostrate himself 40,000 times along the last six miles of the road to Lhasa.

In Morocco, equals greet each other by grasping each other's hand and then kissing their own.

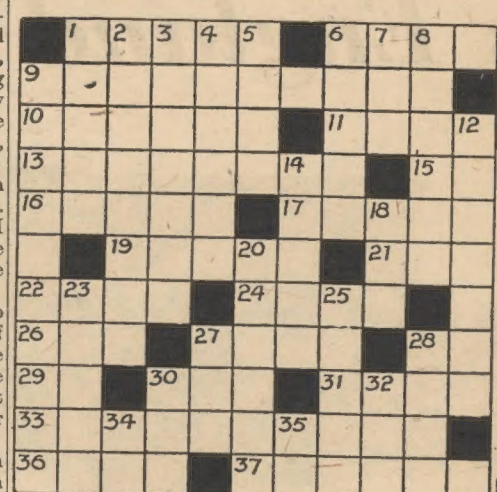
A Turk, if he keeps to his hereditary custom, after kissing his own hand, carries it to his forehead as a token of respect. Eskimos still rub noses.

RECORD.

And right up to date there is a record in kisses. Dorothy Lamour is said to hold the record—for a film mouth kiss. The producers timed her.

It lasted, they say, nearly three minutes, which takes some doing.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Brisk piece of music.
- 6 Flashy.
- 9 Hothouse-stewed.
- 10 Agreement.
- 11 Shallow basket.
- 13 Memory-jogger.
- 15 Concerning.
- 16 Commerce.
- 17 Scottish loch.
- 19 Taxes severely.
- 21 Skill.
- 22 Refreshment items.
- 24 Fissure.
- 26 Young person.
- 27 Flat boat.
- 28 Cry of surprise.
- 29 At home.
- 30 Fruit seed.
- 31 Supported by.
- 33 Putting up for election.
- 36 Insect.
- 37 Inclined.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

LARGE TENET
OBOE TIRADE
FRUMP PRIGS
TUG ANT LET
SPHEROIDS Y
I GALLY M
E BOLSTERED
AWL LIVE FIRE
CHAFE DODGE
TIMELY NEED
STEWARDS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Collier.
- 2 Lively.
- 3 Dwells.
- 4 Hags.
- 5 Employee.
- 6 Unit of capacity.
- 7 Rowing blade.
- 8 Money lender.
- 9 Reducing.
- 12 Blue flower.
- 14 Girl's name.
- 18 Large tub.
- 20 Ensnare.
- 23 Criterion.
- 25 Liquid.
- 27 Family.
- 28 Tool-sharpener.
- 30 Part of theatre.
- 32 Seed vessel.
- 34 Parent.
- 35 Towards.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
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London, S.W.1



This England

Timbered cottages typical of the counties of the Welsh border, where wood is plentiful, line the narrow street from the Market Place to the church on the hill at Ledbury, Herefordshire.



Gee, I've tossed and I've turned, and darned near tied myself into knots, but I jest can't get that guy's snorin' out of my ears. I wish he'd either find somewhere else to sleep—or stop breathing altogether.



I know I'm not dreaming—there's a smell around which makes me feel as though I'm caged—and caged alongside something pretty strong, too. Ah well. Maybe it's fresh air, but it's sure altered since I last sniffed it.

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND



Guess again. Aw, give it up. Darned thing's a sousaphone, as if you didn't know. What's the difference, anyway? Both instrument and player have us running round in circles. Can she be a siren?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Sho' is sleepy-time down South."

